

a member of Gene Krupa's band with thyrotoxicosis (which diagnosis I missed). All of us physicians carry the baggage of the past into our practices. We are forever two people, the physician and ourselves. I agree we must not let the rampant self get in the way of our business. But from the self, the dormant past, comes our passion and energy and ability to lock onto our patients'

feelings, which is how doctoring gets done.

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Thank you, I will sit down and have a drop of sherry with you after all. Tell me, where were you in 1945?

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The Disease

It grows. I am an encyclopedia
of symptoms. What is the nature
of this disease? I want a drug
called *Miracle*.

Touching gold, my skin
turns black; my blood
is acid, burns the fat away.

This face is a paradox:
I want the mouth to speak,
say sensible things. Be skilled
at outrage. I cannot
learn to live with pain.
My heart's a Monday clock.
It beats, survives,
without you.

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